

## In this Tale of Daring Travel FIRST WHITE MAN INTO MECCA;

### This Englishman broke Blockade

FIRST man to break through the Moslem cordon flung round the East Indies was an Englishman, John Warner, who in 1502 made the perilous journey from Alexandria, through Mecca, the Yemen, and Persia, finally to reach India, where he spent six years.

The account of his arduous travels is given in a Latin volume published in Venice in 1510, which John Warner signed with his Romanised name of "Gio di Varthema."

With the rise of the Moslem religion through Greater Arabia, the shorter route to India had been cut, for the earlier Moslems killed out of hand anyone not of their religion.

**JOHN WARNER** was told he was going to certain death if he entered the land of the Moslems—but nevertheless he set out on foot from Alexandria. He was just 20 years of age. To John goes the honour not only of getting to India and back, but also of being the first white man to enter Mecca, and live.

He had not long to wait for adventure.

As soon as he entered the domain of the Mamluk Sultans he was arrested and thrown into a dungeon, where he was left for five days without food or water.

#### BECAME MOSLEM.

On the sixth day he was brought up from his cell, deep in the earth, and told to prepare for execution. But his jailer whispered into his ear, "Say you entered these lands to embrace the true faith." John Warner promptly did so, and took the oath, "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his Prophet." The other item of initiation into the Moslem religion John describes as "somewhat painful."

After a three months' stay in Damascus, where he spent 18 hours a day studying Arabic, John Warner set off for Mecca in company with the captain of the Mamluk guard of a pilgrim caravan.

#### INTO MECCA.

It was the first time that John had ever ridden a camel, and he says in his account: "It is an unbelievable motion, but a Christian. He was put in after the first ten days I grew irons and thrown into jail, and easier." He had been given when the rumour got around letters and credentials to an that there was a captive Chris-

Arab merchant in Mecca, and he told this man his ambition to get to India.

The merchant was horrified. "Here," he said, "we may be more tolerant; but as you go on you will meet followers of the Prophet who will kill you, whether you are a convert Moslem or not."

But John insisted, and the Arab merchant smuggled him out of the city to its port—Jiddah, on the Red Sea.

#### HID IN MOSQUE.

When the Englishman reached Jiddah he went to the house where his Arab friend had said he would be given shelter, but he found to his dismay that he was turned away immediately, as the owner was panic-stricken at the thought of having a white man under his roof.

At that, John boldly made his way into the mosque, and for 14 days hid in a dark corner; at night he stole out to buy food, trusting to the darkness to hide his white skin.

At the end of this fortnight among the Jiddah fanatics, John succeeded in arranging with the master of an Arab sailing ship to give him passage to the Persian Gulf. They coasted along the shores of Tropical Arabia—the "Arabia Felix" of the Roman geographers.

#### ARRESTED AGAIN.

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The trail—hot, weary, perilous

tian in the town, mobs gathered, demanding his death. Who was a Mamluk, whispered to him, "Pretend you are mad."

Governor refused, as he believed the Sultan of Yemen wanted to see a white man. The Mamluk had saved his life.

#### METHOD IN MADNESS.

The next day, when his food was brought him, John Warner stripped off his clothes, threw the loaf at the jailer, gargled with the water, but refused to drink; and uttered such gibberish as came to his mind. It worked.

That night, Warner was smuggled out of the town, tied to a fast racing camel, and taken to Radaa, in the interior of the Yemen, where the Sultan was reviewing an army of 80,000 men.

Although he assured the Sultan that he was a true believer, the Englishman was again put into prison, and watched with great strictness by 72 soldiers, acting as jailers in turn.

Each morning, Warner was given a loaf of bread and a pint of water; that was his only ration. For six weeks he was kept in the closest confinement; then one of his guards,

here he remained in deep

silence, though still kept in his chains. Arab children followed him round the town, jeering and throwing stones at him. On the third day a stone struck him on the eye and partially blinded him, so John insisted upon returning to his prison, and blocked up his cell with large stones, shouting at the top of his voice, "Must I bury myself alive?"

And his luck still held.

A Persian merchant, Zianor, had made his pilgrimage to Mecca at the same time as John Warner was there, and, coming to the jail, declared that he knew "this man, who was one Yunas, the Mamluk, a true Moslem, as he did indeed verify."

Zianor took John to his home and asked him what he was doing in Herat. John replied that he was exploring the world.

Zianor answered, "Allah be praised! For now I shall have a companion who will explore the world with me."

#### ALAS, TOO SOON.

But difficulties were not over. Whilst the companions were still on their way back to Ormuz, they were captured by bandits.

All was well; this was only a business foray on the part of the brigands. They wanted cash; and, once they got it, they didn't worry.

But—when they learned that our friend John was a white man, they began to draw lots to see who would kill him.

Zianor pleaded in vain.

He offered all his capital. (And John tells us that it was not less than £50,000 in our present money.)

#### TRUE BELIEVER, PLEASE.

But the leader of the brigands valued his salvation—for it was salvation to kill a Christian—more than a fortune, even that much.

Then John turned to him:

"Not only am I a true believer," he said, "but as all things are written, I say to you, kill! Because that is how Allah has written."

The brigand chief watched him narrowly.

"I must kill you," he declared.

"Kill, then," answered John, "for you carry out your destiny; and mine."

dejection for almost a week, without food, refusing to answer the calls of the soldiers outside his cell. He thought he would have to starve to death, but his threat of self-immolation had finally convinced the Moslems that his madness was a sign of holiness. The jailers broke into the cell, and, for the first time, John got a square meal. He says, "I have never needed anything so much as that food."

The Englishman was given an old she-camel and 25 pieces of silver, and sent on his way.

But his adventures and hardships were by no means ended.

#### CONDENMED AGAIN.

He entered Aden again, hid for a time in the mosque, and managed to get aboard a ship bound for the Persian Gulf.

"Under fair winds," says John Warner, "we skirted the coast, not stopping until we reached the island of Ormuz. He was the first Englishman ever to visit the island.

Four years later, the Portuguese captured Ormuz, after sailing round Africa, in one of the bitterest fights known between the Arabs and the Portuguese freebooters.

From Ormuz, Warner crossed on to the mainland of Persia, and travelled north to reach Herat, which was then the capital of Khonassan and under the rule of a descendant of Timur, the Tartar conqueror.

The Englishman was once again arrested and put in jail. He was informed that he would be executed in three days unless he could get someone to guarantee him in the city.

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The Goal—The Spice Lands

"I was so desperate by this time," says the chronicle, "that I no longer knew of anything. I stood there, expecting death. But the chieftain's hand was stayed."

"So you do expect death," said the brigand. "That we have in common. But no one can stand as you do for death unless he knows that Allah is invincible and that all is written."

#### INTO INDIA.

And so the pair made their way to India, through Ormuz, by the Calicut, down through present Madras, to Calcutta.

John Warner was the first man to get there by way of the Arab country.

Later, together with his friend, Zianor, he made his way as far as Indo-China.

They were both arrested several times. At least three times they met, together, the immediate threat of the executioner's sword.

And on four occasions they got away by claiming that English John was a Moslem Saint.

"And, indeed," his account says, "I looked the whole part, God forgive me."

The last time is worth recording—after all, you cannot recapitulate the whole extraordinary story in this small space.

John was captured by the Portuguese near Howrah—an out-settlement of Calcutta.

"Then," says the account, "all our men (Moslems every one) came to the Portuguese and explained that they had taken our Saint. We said that, whatever might be the truth in the parts they came from, in the parts where they were now living they were outnumbered by at least 1,000 to 1."

"We declared that we would slaughter them, no matter how much superior armour they had. We would call the whole of the countryside in our favour. And the whole peoples here were Moslems."

"We shall kill you," we said, "because, as we say, you have taken our Saint."

At this, the Portuguese saw reason and delivered back the Saint they had stolen.

Or, rather, they gave back John Warner—the first man to get through the Moslem country, the first white man to live in Mecca, the first white man to be accepted through Moslem civilisation as a Saint.

The homeward journey was simple, almost prosaic to relate.

John met an English ship—and was taken to Europe.

#### WHAT'S THE SECRET?

But—the secret of his Moslem "Saintship"?

Quite simple.

John says:

"I never did drink, nor use oaths to excess. But always am I courteous to all women."

There's a tip in a million.

## A.B. JOHN SHUTTLEWOOD: Here's news and a photo of your family

THERE was quite a family gathering at 8, Bath Street, Gravesend, when we called the other day, A.B. John Shuttlewood.

Your mother and father were quite excited about getting a message to you, and Mrs. Cunningham tried desperately hard to think of all the people who had been asking after you.

And look at the picture; hasn't Diana grown? She's certainly a lovely child.

Mrs. Taylor, whose husband was on leave this week, was also at home, and she, too, sends greetings.

Your sister, Ada, has now been drafted into a munition factory, and is going all out in her war effort.

Gladys is a very proud little lady now; she won half a crown in a school knitting competition.

Evelyn Gillett, whom we believe was a particular girl friend, has been ill, but is rapidly recovering. She calls at your home most Sunday evenings, "when," your mother

says, "the main topic of conversation is John Edward Shuttlewood."

The final message comes from the "Ship and Lobster" you; your many friends send Guess we don't have to point greetings!



Smiles from us all—everything's fine at home.



## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH

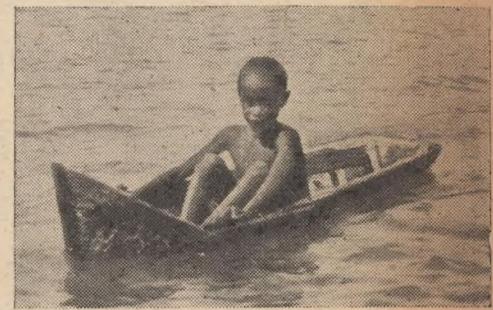


## JUST JAKE



# Hardly Ship-shape

No. 1—By E. W. DROOD



"WHAT a funny-looking ship!"

That may well serve as a guide to this series on ships that do not look ship-shape.

We shall deal with what seem to us to be "queer" or "freak" craft, for the dictionary maintains that a ship is "any sea-going vessel of considerable size," and that ship-shape means no more or less than "in good order."

So, whilst bowing to the omniscient lexicographer, you and I and other men in the street will make our own selection.

We ought to remember, of course, that the captain of a Venetian galley, with her beautiful lines, her tiers of oars, her formidable iron-shod ram, and a length at least six times her breadth, would have smiled, or more probably winced, at the English "round" ship, with her single square sail and a beam nearly half her length.

So, in all likelihood, did the old English seaman, about the middle of the fifteenth century, when he saw the ships he had sailed in, with their built-up fore- and after-castles, constructed of fir-poles set up and lashed together with cross-bars, on the top of which was a three-inch plank platform, surrounded by a breastwork; and, nearby, those "new-fangled" craft in which the castles were built into the ship, so that they could not be taken down after the fighting was done—and the ships returned to their trading.

One can imagine the mixed feelings of a certain Commander Burgoyne who served in H.M.S. Ganges, 84-gun ship, during her last commission from 1857-61, when he contrasted her, the last British sailing line-of-battle ship, with the new Warrior, first iron-built, armoured sea-going warship. Pity the elderly admiral, gazing at the new Dreadnought, and wondering, probably adjectively, "what the so-and-so's" are going to do next."

But all these ships had their successors; they were in the direct line of maritime progress. Most of our "strange" craft, we shall discover, had either no, or very few, successors. They just were not necessary.

Why, then, did people design and build ships that had unusual shapes? Usually because they felt that their objects could not be achieved by conventional methods.

In some cases they wanted to wash out seasickness. Unfortunately, they not infrequently nearly washed out the passengers. Or they tried to obtain, as in the Russian "round" ships, a steady gun-platform, by having an immense beam in proportion to length. But these vessels, in a sea-way, used to bump like a wagon going over cobble-stones. They might say (as they did), "We want size, speed, and great passenger, freight and bunker capacity," and obtain (as they did) bankruptcy instead.

A particularly bright idea—which will be described in the next article—was to build a ship in detachable sections, so that one part could be left to discharge at any port, whilst the remainder continued its journey—on the principle of the goods train, leaving single wagons at small stations up and down the line.

There were ships with two hulls and ships with no hulls at all; ships as unshapely as piled-up dinner plates, and others like torpedoes. Some were designed for four, even six, paddle-wheels, or for paddle-wheels and propeller. Another was merely a platform attached to immense revolving wheels.

Some of these ideas may again be developed; they may have been, like the Great Eastern, before their time. Scientific discoveries and modern engineering skill may have rendered possible at least the adaptation of some of these designs. When, in 1620, Cornelius van Drebel, Dutchman in the service of James I, navigated some sort of craft propelled by twelve rowers "at a depth of 12 to 15 feet for several hours in the Thames," nobody foresaw the modern submarine.

In any case, he would be foolish who would wager his pension that, in the lifetime of many who read these words, the giant ship will not be displaced almost completely by the giant air liner.

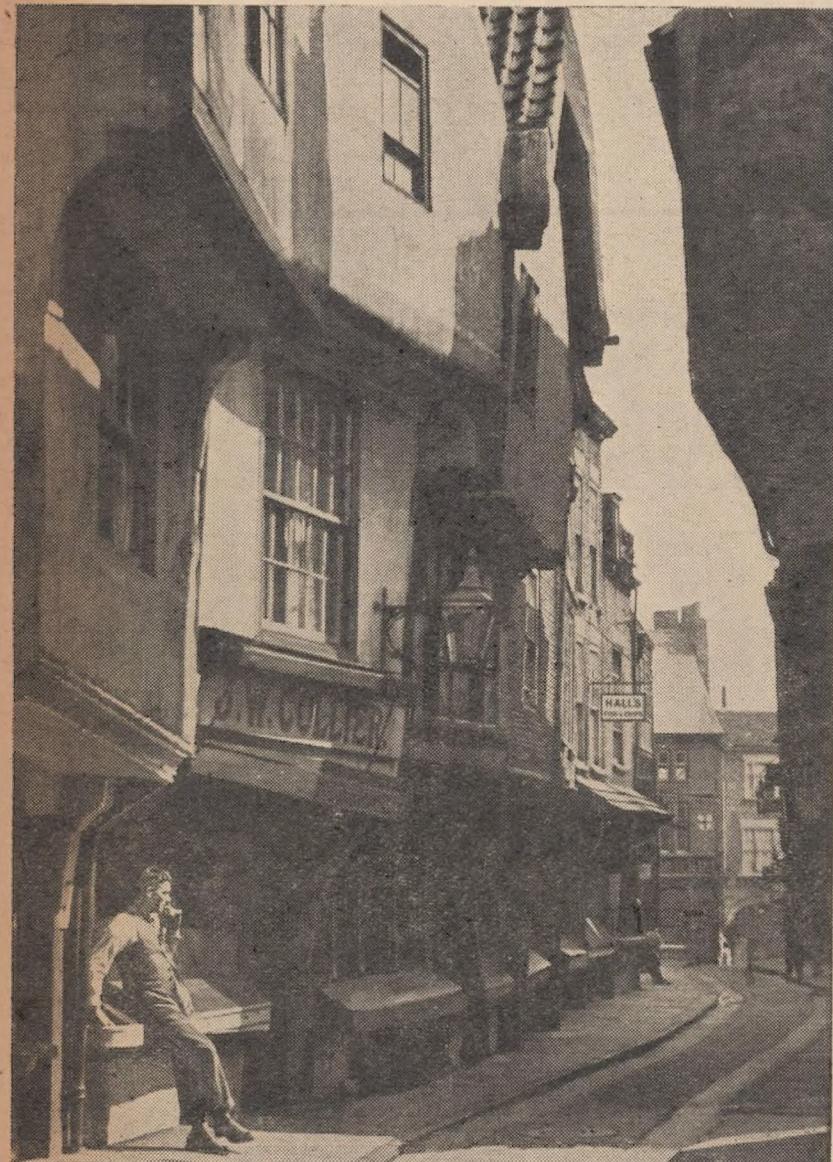
# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed  
to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.



Maybe this is a new kind of uniform for a new kind of seafaring fraternity, or maybe it's a variation of the old "crown and anchor" without the crown. Whatever it is doesn't matter much, the ensemble would be welcome on any mess deck.

"Ha Ha, don't make me laugh. Think I don't know when I hear the guv'nor's footsteps coming down the garden path."



## This England

The very name of York recalls the famous Minster, Micklegate Bar, Bootham Bar, and a host of historic monuments.

Sunlight and shadow in The Shambles, York.

## FOX-ING?

Even fox-furs cannot keep them warm, but we must say they are from North Africa, and this climate of ours IS a bit tricky.



## SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"You—cissies."

